

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, August 6, 1803.

[No. 44.]

**The Chimney-Sweeper.**

OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY

A NOVEL.

(Continued from page 339.)

THE servant just then entered with the bill of the trials, with which the major tried to amuse himself while Edwards finished dressing. He had not read long, when, starting from his seat, he cried out—

Frank! my boy,—huzza!—the secret is out!

Edwards, wondering what he meant by such an exclamation, received the paper; and, looking at the page to which Clatterton pointed, read—

The unfortunate Mary Brown, who was executed this morning for the murder of her husband, previous to her death confessed the motives which instigated her to such an heinous crime, which are as follow:

About nineteen years ago she lived servant with a lady, in — Street, who went by the name of Edwards, and who had a male infant, about two months old. The said Mary Brown, then Mary

Wilkins, had formed an imprudent connexion with John Brown, her late husband; who, being a man of bad principles, tempted her occasionally to the commission of petty thefts; till, by degrees, he so far corrupted her mind, that she scrupled not to commit an act for which she felt the deepest remorse, which was no less than setting fire to the house in which she dwelt, to conceal a robbery she had recently committed, in which fire she believed her mistress and the infant perished. The jewels, and other valuables, stolen from Mrs. Edwards, were converted into money by Brown, with whom she then absconded; and some papers, the contents of which she had never thought worth while to inspect, remained in his possession in London, among which was a certificate of marriage.

You are now to learn, said Clatterton, that the unfortunate maniac saved from the flames was your mother: and, as the papers may lead to an important discovery, you should hasten to town with all possible speed: in leaving me guardian to your dulcinea, you have nothing to apprehend:—rely upon my honor and friendship.

Edwards required little urging.—Clatterton procured Brown's address from the prisoners; and Edwards, after taking a hasty leave of Matilda, departed.

On his arrival in Sackville Street, the

door was opened by a strange servant in mourning. Francis felt a momentary alarm, from which he was partly relieved when the servant, in answer to his enquiry for Mr. Evelyn, informed him that he was indisposed, and could see no one.

Miss Evelyn, then—

Is at home, Sir.

Give her this card.

The servant returned in a few moments with the card in his hand—

Miss Evelyn knows no such person.

A cold sickness rushed over the heart of Edwards at this message. He now doubted not that his connexion with Matilda was discovered, and that he was forever discarded from his guardian's house, but the cold contempt from Georgiana stung him to the soul; and he was silently retiring, when he perceived her descending the staircase, with a light step and smiling countenance.—

Ah! Francis, said she, extending her hand, is it you?—young impostor!—come up.

Though Edwards could not comprehend the joke, he followed her to the drawing-room, where were two gentlemen in earnest conversation with Mrs.

## THE VISITOR,

Lucretia, all of whom, as well as Georgiana, were in deep black.

Here! cried Miss Evelyn, I have brought a welcome stranger; and now, perhaps, my dear aunt, you may deign to extend the sublime tip of your illustrious finger to Sir Francis Evelyn!

Miss Lucretia extended her whole hand to the astonished youth, who vainly intreated from Georgiana a cessation from raillery so ill-timed.

No raillery in the case, I assure you, she replied gaily; but you will not believe me;—so come directly to my father's library, and he shall explain all.

Francis now surveyed the improved person of Georgiana with admiration.—The joy of the moment had diffused a glow of animation over her face, which now appeared enchanting; yet it was not her beauty that struck him;—it was expression, devoid of affectation. When she spoke, every feature added energy to her words; and even the playful vivacity of her manner was corrected by grace and dignity.

Mr. Evelyn rose, and embraced him with affectionate warmth.—

You have been very expeditious, my dear boy: I could hardly have imagined my summons had reached you.

Nor has it, Sir, answered Edwards. I come to make search after some papers, which may throw a light upon the long-hidden mystery of my birth.—But, my poor mother—how is she?

Much better, returned Mr. Evelyn, but not yet well enough to bear the whole of our astonishing communication. But you seem still partly in ignorance.

A variety of things perplex me, Sir:—this sable habit—

Mr. Evelyn raised his handkerchief to his face; and, going to his desk, took out a letter and roll of parchment.

Read this—was all he could say; and hastened out of the room with Georgiana, to overcome his emotion.

*"To Mr. Evelyn."*

*"Antigua."*

"My dear brother,

"A lingering illness, partly occasioned by the climate, but more by the secret anguish of my mind, has reduced me to the verge of that grave which will inclose me ere you receive this.—Many years of unhappiness have been my lot; the merited punishment of my early pride and folly. My increasing debility compels me to be brief.

"You may recollect hearing of the daughter of our worthy curate—the blooming Agatha. She was the object of my first affection, and I made her my wife.

"Knowing the ambitious views of my family, I easily prevailed upon the dear girl to keep our union a secret; and her pure, her ardent love for me, induced her to suffer disgrace and obscurity for my sake. Under the assumed name of Edwards she resided in London; and my most intimate associates believed her only my mistress.

"When ordered to America, her situation would not admit of her attending me; and, a few months after my departure, I received, from her own hand, the joyful tidings that I was a father.—A severe wound, which I received in a skirmish, prevented my answering this letter with my usual punctuality; and, though I felt all the delights of a father, a thousand proud, revolting thoughts damped the rising pleasure. My affection had but been a boyish, transient emotion; and the offer of a splendid alliance made me curse the rashness that had led me into the trammels of wedlock. I knew the implacability of my father's temper, and dreaded his discovery of the secret I had so selfishly concealed.

"In this state of mind, I listened to the suggestions of a greater villain; and, at his instigation, wrote a letter to her which I must ever regret. In it I informed her, that she must no longer imagine herself my wife; that the ceremony which had taken place, and deceived her, was an illegal one; and that, though I should ever think it my duty to support her and the child, she must never presume to interfere in any matrimonial en-

gagement I might thereafter form. I further advised her, with calm, deliberate villainy, to report that her husband was dead; and charged her, as she valued my peace and future protection, never to expose herself to my friends. Poor Agatha too scrupulously obeyed me;—from that day I never heard from her again; nor could I, when deeply repenting my cruelty and injustice, obtain any intelligence of her and the child.

You know all of my past life; but you know not the agonies which preyed upon my guilty mind.—I go to expiate all!—To you, my dear brother, I leave all my estates, not doubting your honor and justice, should the injured beings ever be found from whom I had the villainy to withhold the rights of gratitude and duty; their forgiveness I presume not to expect: but from your benevolent heart, I know, a sigh of commiseration will be breathed for the suffering, though guilty,

*"EVELYN."*

Painful were the emotions of Francis upon the perusal of this letter; nor were they lessened when Mr. Evelyn, who soon after entered, thus addressed him:

"You are now, my dear nephew, prepared to hear that your unhappy father is no more: his wishes I shall consider sacred, even did not inclination second an act of justice. With your father's title, his estates, also, become your's; and, as I know the heart of my Georgiana is your's, take, also, her hand:—she is an invaluable gift; and, I think, you know how to appreciate it as you should. Clatterton, I know, will readily resign her hand, when he knows her happiness is at stake; for his generous soul harbors no selfish thought; and, had I known the real object of her affection sooner, his generosity should have been spared the trial.—But, Frank! you look dull:—what ails you, boy?

Sad, indeed, were the thoughts of Francis?—His accession to wealth and title affected him little with pleasure; while recollection of the entanglement in which he was involved must give him the appearance of deceit and ingratitude in the eyes of his benefactor. Georgiana too!—the amiable, affectionate Georgiana!—first object of his infant attachment, from whom nothing but the strongest sense of honor could have torn his

affection, was now offered to his acceptance; but, could he obtain her without still baser conduct?—he knew it to be impossible:—the imprudent, the romantic Matilda must have justice done her; she had sacrificed all for him; now was his hour arrived!

From these meditations he was roused by Mr. Evelyn, who sportively said—

Come, come, Frank—I guess your scruples; but don't be cast down, boy!—I will settle all with Clatterton:—go—you will find Georgy in the parlor;—make a few fine speeches to her, and we will, then, drive to Chelsea, where I have taken a lodging for Lady Evelyn.

Francis, with very unlover-like steps, walked to the saloon, where Georgiana was at work; and, as any subject was to him more pleasant than that he was desired to chuse, he began to comment upon the drawings with which she had decorated the room. The subjects were various and well executed; one was concealed by a green silk curtain.

May I undraw this mysterious veil? asked Francis, touching it with his finger.

I have no objection, she replied. It hangs there as a memento of my violent cousin Clatterton's rage. The original has been guilty of an irreparable offence; and the poor production of my pencil has been defaced by his ungovernable resentment.

Sir Francis drew aside the curtain, and beheld, with an exclamation of astonishment, the portrait of Matilda.

Georgiana started from her chair—

Francis!—you turn pale.—Do you know the unfortunate Matilda Clatterton?—Her base seducer—

Francis could not speak:—he sunk on a chair; and big drops of agony fell from his eyes. Georgiana was inexpressibly alarmed; for his countenance assumed the livid hue of death; and she bathed his temples with hartshorn, almost despairing of reviving him. When he recovered, he pressed her hand in silent agony.

Dear, amiable friend, excuse me—I must leave this house directly:—when

I return, all shall be explained.—Tell your father he must forgive me:—I will see him no more till all is cleared up.—Pardon and forgive my distraction;—comfort and protect my poor mother.

He rushed wildly out of the house, in despite of all her efforts to detain him; and, taking a post chaise from the first inn, returned to ———

(To be concluded in our next)

#### BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

**JEDIDIAH BUXTON**, a most extraordinary calculator, was born at Elmeton, in Derbyshire, about 1705. His father was a school-master, and yet, by some strange negligence or infatuation, Jedidiah could neither write nor read; but so great were his natural talents for calculation, that he could by the force of memory, quickly solve the most complicated question respecting the multiplication, division, reduction, &c. of figures. The largest company, and the most confused noise, could not distract, or discompose him when engaged in the solution of a problem. The following question was once proposed to him:—“In a body, the three sides of which are 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yds. how many cubic eighths of an inch?” Jedidiah solved this intricate problem, with great accuracy, in about five hours, though in the midst of business, and surrounded by upwards of a hundred laborers. By walking over a piece of land, he would measure it as exactly as another could do with a chain. In 1754 this singular character walked to London on purpose to see the royal family, but the sight was not so fascinating as he conceived it would have been, he therefore returned disappointed.—While he continued in town, he was introduced to the royal society, and visited the theatre in Drury-Lane, where he seemed perfectly indifferent about the play, or the splendid appearance of the house, and employed himself in counting the words uttered by Mr. Garrick. It is very remarkable, that, beyond mere calculation, this man's ideas were hardly above those of infancy. He had several children, and died about 1775, aged 70 years.

**THE** honorable Thomas Fitzmaurice. This gentleman, who was brother to the present Marquis of Lansdowne, had a peculiar turn for humor, which did not forsake him even in the most painful moments of the illness which terminated in his death. He enjoyed a joke; and the awful approach of dissolution could not restrain him from uttering it, when an occasion occurred. That we may not exceed our prescribed limits, we shall only relate one remarkable instance of his disposition, which happened almost at the very close of his life. This gentleman labored under a complication of disorders, the most formidable of which was a dropsy. It was thought, by some of his medical attendants, that it was necessary for him to be *tapped*; a consultation was held upon this subject, to which the late Mr. John Hunter, Dr. Ashe, and some others were called. Dr. Ashe is not more remarkable for his professional knowledge, than for the rotundity of his shape, insomuch that among his legal acquaintance he is named a *corporation sole*. The result of the consultation was communicated to Mr. Fitzmaurice, by Mr. Hunter, who told him with that honest bluntness, which was peculiar to him, that the proposed operation would serve only to give him agony, without affording him any material relief, and that the endeavors of surgeons or physicians would be ineffectual. The patient heard this sentence of death pronounced without emotion or dejection; but on the contrary, preserving his usual disposition to create a laugh, or join in it, he thus replied to Mr. Hunter, with an affected air of gravity, “My dear sir, I am very sorry that you, who are so excellent an operator, should have had the trouble of coming so far without having an opportunity of displaying your skill upon me; but since you think, that, in my present emaciated and debilitated state, it would not be of service to me, I readily submit to your opinion: but it gives me concern that you should go away without having performed an operation; and, therefore, permit me to request, that you will *tap* Dr. Ashe, as there can be no objection in that quarter on the score of emaciation.” The doctor, who was a man of pleasantry and good-humor, laughed heartily at the conceit. Mr. Fitzmaurice seemed highly pleased; and no one could have imagined, for some minutes, that there were a person in the room who had just heard, from authority, that he had but a very short time to live.

## FOR THE VISITOR.

## The Essayist, No. I.

But when she speaks, what elocution flows !  
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,  
The copious accents fall, with easy art;  
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart !  
Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise ;  
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

POPE.

**L**IKE as a torrent rushing with impetuosity down the sides of a lofty mountain, and bearing away with irresistible force every obstruction, so the ingenuous and convincing Orator removes the prejudices, seizes the attention of his hearers, interests them in all his distresses, and leads them the willing captives of his eloquence.

Eloquence accompanied by justice, will surmount every difficulty, by painting things in their proper colors, and by enforcing them by appeals to the feelings ; unless they are warped by the most invincible prejudice, and actuated by the sordidness of self-interest, they will make an impression not easily to be eradicated.

How delightful is it to hear the generous Pleader, employing the persuasions of eloquence, or the delicate shafts of satire in the defence of injured worth ! our hearts beat in unison to his arguments, and wait with anxiety for a favorable issue. When do the mild precepts of religion appear more amiable, than when clothed in the garb of *gentle persuasion*, addressed to the feelings and experience of mankind, offering them the choice of accepting or of rejecting them, if after an impartial trial they find the coloring was too high, and themselves disappointed.

An attention has always been paid to oratory, in the most uncultivated state of society : the wild inhabitants of the forest were not ignorant of the power of words conveyed in a proper manner, they have their rude and figurative declamations on every occasion. If their Chief wishes to engage them to begin a war, and free themselves from the tyranny of their oppressors, he contrasts by the most simple, and impressive images, the blessings of liberty, the happiness they enjoyed while in a state of independence, and the many honors

that were paid them, with their present degraded condition ; this is not heard without emotion, and he moulds them to his purposes.

How great have been the effects of a few words, uttered at a proper season, and with a proper feeling ! numerous instances of this kind might be adduced, but the address of Henry the IV. King of France to his soldiers before the battle of Ivry, will be sufficient. " You are Frenchmen—I am your king—There are the enemy." This short address so inflamed the minds of the soldiery, and excited in their bosoms such patriotic sentiments, that they were resolved to *conquer or die*. An attention to the cultivation of the study of eloquence is a sure mark of the progress of civilization, for when mankind begin to allot part of their time and attention to literary pursuits, their manners will of course become more refined, their minds improved and themselves capacitated for social enjoyments. Another and perhaps not the least incentive to the study of eloquence, is the command the Orator possesses over the affections of his auditors, that he can, by turns, draw the sympathetic tear of pity at the distress of the unfortunate, cause the breast to heave with delight, and the eye to sparkle with satisfaction at the merited reward of virtue. The influence which a person of worth and integrity has over the rabble is thus beautifully expressed by Virgil :

*Ac, veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est  
Seditio, sævit quæ animis ignobile vulgus ;  
Jamque faces, et saxa volant ; furor arma ministrat :  
Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si fortè virum quem  
Conspexeris, silent ; arrectisque auribus adstant :  
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.*

To acquire perfection in this divine art, great discernment and industry are necessary. The Orator must study the book of nature and the human character ; he must cherish in his breast an ardent love for virtue, pay a sacred regard to truth, and endeavor to make his conduct correspond with the principles he professes, if he desires that his opinions should move, or interest mankind.

J. R. T.

## THE LONDON SPORTSMEN.

OR,

## THE COCKNEY'S JOURNEY.

**S**EPTEMBER 1....According to our agreement, made at the *Hole-in-the Wall*, six of us met on Blackfriar's Bridge, at half past 5 o'clock, armed, and furnished with a large quantity of ammunition.

Squibbed our guns over the bridge, and got a volley of oaths from a West Country bargeman that was passing under the centre arch.

Loaded and primed—gave the dogs a piece of bread each—the fox dog would not eat his—took a dram a-piece, and set forward in high spirits for the Circus gate, on our way to Camberwell, where we were informed we should find several covies.

Just at Christ Church, Blackfriar's road, *Ned Simple*, shot at a rat and missed it ; but it gave us a fine hunt, the dogs barking all the way, until we drove it into the Thames.

Beat over all the ground about the Half-penny Hatches, and found nothing but one cat, which all of us fired at ; but being only six in number, and a cat having nine lives, we missed killing, tho' we severely wounded her.

Passing at the back of Webber row, we saw several pigeons, but though they were within pistol shot, they flew so fast that none of us could take aim, although our guns were ready cocked, and loaded with No. 2, six fingers deep.

Saw five sparrows on the ground, opposite the Elephant and Castle, Newington, feasting on some oats—stole up with great caution within four yards of the game, and gave an irregular fire ; but *Bob Tape's* musket going off before he took aim, the birds, we suppose, made their escape antecedent to the other five going off, for the devil of a sparrow we killed.

Rather out of humor with such ill-luck—so took another dram a-piece, and pushed briskly forward for Camberwell.

Met two men driving *geese* at Kennington common—offered them eigh-

teen pence, which they accepted, for a shot at the flock at twenty yards. Drew lots who should fire first. It fell to *Billy Candlewick's* chance, who, from his father belonging many years ago to the Orange Regiment of City Militia, knew something of taking aim.

The goose-driver stepped the ground, and Billy took aim for above ten minutes, when, shutting both his eyes, lest the pan might flash in his sight, he snapped and missed fire—took aim a second time—snapped and missed again—borrowed *Bob Tape's* scissars, and hammered the flint—snapped and missed fire a third time—thought the devil had got hold of the gun—examined her—found she was neither loaded nor primed. The goose-driver refused to let Billy try again, so we gave him another six-pence, and he sold us a lame gander, which we placed about six yards, and taking a shot a-piece at him, killed him, and put him in *Ned Thimble's* cabbage net.

When we came in sight of the Swan, at Stockwell, we all run as hard as we could to see who should get in first, as we had settled to breakfast there. Unfortunately our guns being cocked, I made a stumble, and the trigger being touched by something, off went the piece, and lodged the contents in the body of a *sucking pig* that was crossing the road. The squeaking of the poor animal roused the maternal affections of the sow, and set the *fox dog*, the *terrier*, the *Newfoundland bitch*, and the *mastiff*, a barking. The noise of the sow, the pig, and the dogs, with the report of the gun, brought out the people of the house, and indeed of the neighborhood; and being threatened by one, and laughed at by another, we thought it best to buy the pig at four shillings, which we did; and, having put it into *Bob Tape's* game bag, which, by the bye, was nothing but half a bolster tick, we made the best of our way to the Plough, at Clapham, where we had some cold buttock and ale for breakfast.

Tried all the common round—beat every bush with the muzzle of our guns—set the dogs on the pigs—and found but one chaffinch which was rather wild, not letting us come within eight yards, so that we could not make sure of our bird—we hunted him from spray to spray for above an hour, without being able to come in a parallel line, so as to take surreain, when, at last, he was killed

by a little boy, who knocked him down with a stone—bought him, and put him into the net with the goose.

Resolved to make for Blackheath, and so cut across the country that we might get into the stubbles—missed our road, and by some kind of circumbendibus, got into Brixton Causeway, where we asked if there were any birds in the neighborhood. We were directed to a dead home, where two ravens and several magpies were assembled, but they would not stay our arrival; for the moment they saw us they made off. Our pig-carrying companion, and our goose carrier, complained of the weight—so we took charge of the game by turns.

Crossing a field near Camberwell, we thought we saw a covey of partridges at the side of a ditch—so we all made up to them with our guns cocked, tying our dogs to our legs, that they might not run in and spring the game.

What we thought to be a covey of partridges, proved to be a gang of gypsies, who where squatted under the hedge, peeling turnips, and preparing potatoes for dinner. It was the mercy of God we did not fire upon them, as all our pieces were up to our shoulders, and we had but one eye a-piece open; when that which we took to be the *old cock*, rose up, and said, in a loud voice—"What the devil are you about?"

After many difficulties, and but little sport, got, by the direction of the gypsies, into the Greenwich road; where being rather fatigued, we stopt at the Halfway House, until a coach came by; when mounting the roof and the box, we were conveyed near Blackheath, to our unspeakable joy.

Never saw the heath before—amazed at the number of furze bushes, and the wide extent there is for game—had an excellent chace after a jack-ass, which the mastiff tore in the leg—kept close together for fear of losing each other.

Got down near a large house—shot at a flock of sparrows, and killed one, which we think is a cock, his head being rather black.

Saw several brother sportsmen out, who had killed nothing but a hedge-hog, and a tame jack-daw, which belonged to a public house, at New-cross turnpipe.

Got up to the main road—fired at a yellow hammer, and frightened the horses in the Dover stage—the guard threatening to shoot us, we took to our heels.

Saw some black game flying very high—they looked for all the world like crows.

The terrier came to a point at a thick bunch of fern—we were now sure this must be a covey of partridges, and we prepared accordingly—the mastiff run in, brought out one of the young ones—It proved to be a nest of field mice—took every one and put them in the bolster—grass-mice were better than nothing.

Much fatigued, and agreed to shoot all the way home—fired off our guns at the foot of Greenwich-Hill, and were laughed at by the inhabitants—loaded them again, and fired at a sheet of paper for half an hour, without putting a grain in it—got to Smith's at dusk, and discharged our pieces in the air before we went in—had something to eat and drink—then set off for the city—and squibbed all the way as long as the powder lasted.

Got home much fatigued with the day's sport, and told a thousand lies about the birds we killed, and the presents we made of them—smoked our pipes—and by twelve got to bed.

**PHILOPEMEN**, the general of the Achaians, and the greatest soldier of his age, despising the vain pomp of a splendid equipage, usually wore a very plain dress, and went abroad unattended by a servant. In this manner he once came to the house of a friend, who had invited him to dinner. The mistress of the family, not being personally acquainted with the general, took him for a servant, and desired him to give her his assistance in the kitchen.—Philopemen, without ceremony, threw off his cloak, and began to cut wood as directed; the husband coming in at that moment, was surprized at the sight.—"How now, Lord Philopemen," says he, "what is the meaning of this?"—"Oh," answered the general, "I am only paying the forfeit of my bad looks." This said, he was proceeding with his task, but at his friend's earnest persuasion, he desisted.

## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, August 6, 1863.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 48 persons during the week ending on the 30th. ult.

Of this number 3 died of diseases not mentioned, and the others of the following diseases—Consumption 5—purging and vomiting 1—inflammation of bowels 1—cholera infantum 1—remitting fever 3—dropsy and gravel 1—debility 3—lock-jaw, 1—hives 1—tabes purpurea 1—fever 1—apoplexy 1—cold 1—dysentery 1—intemperance 1—fits 4—relax 3—cholera morbus 1—decline 1—chin cough 1—sprue 1—old age 2—pneumonia 1—worms 1—teething 1—rickets 1—quinsey 1. Of whom were 24 Adults and 19 Children, and 5 not specified. Total 48.

On Wednesday last took place the annual commencement of Columbia College. A procession was formed on the green in front of the College, in the morning, and passed through Robinson-street, and along Broad-way to St. Paul's Church.

After the Procession arrived at Church, the business of the day was opened with prayers by the President, after which the young gentlemen of the Senior Class, delivered their orations in the following order.

### IN THE MORNING.

1. The salutary address in latin, by George H. Atkinson, of New-York, with an oration "De Voluptate immodica."
2. Oration on "Self-Love," by Gouverneur Kemble, of New-York.
3. Oration on "Patriotism," by John Bay, jun. of Columbia County.
4. Oration on "Civil Liberty," by Samuel Thompson, of New-York.
5. Oration on the "Love of Fame," by Peter Kemble, of New-York.
6. Oration on "History," by Edward Kemeys, of Westchester county.
7. Oration on "Emulation," by Thomas Crolius, of New-York.
8. Oration on "Prejudice," by Augustus Fleming, of New-York.

9. Oration on "the amelioration of the Human Species," by John Stevens, of New-Jersey.

10. Oration on "Hope," by F. Rogers, of New-York.

### IN THE AFTERNOON.

1. The salutary Address in English, by Edward R. Jones, of New-York, with an Oration on "National Greatness."

2. Oration on "Matrimony," by Geo. Quackenboss, of New-York.

3. Oration on "Envy," by J. Lawrence, of New-York.

4. Oration on "the Liberty of the Press," by Alpheus Sherman, of Rensselaer county.

5. Oration on "the Influence of Religion on Society," by John Bowne, of New-York.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred on George H. Atkinson, William Remsen, Edward R. Jones, Gouverneur Kemble, John Le Conte, Henry P. Rogers, Edward Remeys, John Lawrence, Peter Kemble, John Bowne, Thomas Crolius, Samuel Thompson, Augustus Fleming, John Bay, John Stevens, George Quackenboss, Alpheus Sherman.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on George Wilson, Peter Wilson, Nicholas L. Quackenboss, Isaac Van Hook, John Hyler, John McKinnon, and the Rev. Peter Van Pelt, Alumni of the College.

The valedictory Address, with an Oration on "Civilization," by William Remsen, of New-York.

An official account of the surrender of Tobago, to the British forces on the 30th of June, has been received in this city.

Among the various effects of lightning, which have lately been published from various parts, none appear to have been more tremendous than the following, which happened at Charles County, (Mar.) at an estate of John Taylor, esq. As a negro was driving four oxen with a load of wheat, from the field to the stack-yard, the negro and oxen were all killed by a stroke of lightning, and the wheat and waggon set on fire and destroyed. The overseer was at no great distance, and witnessed the scene.

The body of a drowned man was found in Coenties slip on Thursday morning. He appeared to be a laborer, and is supposed to have been drowned the preceding night.

On Monday, 25th of July, George Wells, printer, in a fit of insanity put a period to his life by hanging himself on the limb of a tree in the village of Keene, (N. H.)

Baltimore July 2d—As two men, a white, named Grimes, and a negro, were engaged yesterday in digging at a bank of sand, near where the old jail stood, a large quantity of the summit gave way and instantly buried them under the weight of its dreadful crash.—Every exertion was made to release the bodies from the disastrous covert which immured them—but the white man appeared to have been instantly crushed to death; the negro was taken out alive, but so shockingly bruised, as to endanger his life.

### HALIFAX, (N. C.)

On Friday, the 15th inst. the ferry-boat carrying the mail from this office across Albemarle sound, to Edenton, was upset by a violent whirlwind; by which melancholy accident, Mr. John Clark, a very worthy and respectable gentleman of Bertie county, and his young daughter, were unfortunately drowned. The mail, we have understood, has been recovered.

Capt. Wanton, of the sch. William and Margaret, from Martinique, informs, that on the 12th of July (the day on which he sailed) a British sloop of war, notwithstanding an incessant and heavy fire from the fort, cut out a French ship of 300 tons burthen, last from Guadaloupe, the crew of which escaped in their boat.

From Lisbon.—We learn, that immediately on the receipt of the news of War between Great-Britain and France, the French Ambassador at Lisbon, required the government to declare War against England within 48 hours. We have not learnt the result.

Dispatches from London arrived in Washington last Monday or Tuesday. They were immediately forwarded by express to the President now at Montecello. It is rumored in the City, that they bring official notice from the British government, that they intend to take possession of New-Orleans and Louisiana, and warning our government against paying the fifteen millions, purchase money. It is wasting time to make comments on a report so vague and uncertain as the above, although it appears to have considerable credit. Should it be true our government will be involved in much perplexity.

When captain Miller, (who arrived here the 3d instant) of the Ship Betsey, left Amsterdam, a French army was marching in. The Dutch merchants had offered to Bonaparte a considerable sum for the purchase of neutrality, but the overture was rejected.

John Bolton, esq. of Duke-street, in Liverpool, has proposed to raise and clothe a regiment of volunteers (to consist of 600 men) at his own individual expence, for the protection of that town and neighborhood, an offer which has been accepted by his Majesty in the most gracious manner.

Liverpool July 24.—“The king having been pleased to approve of Mr. Bolton's offer, to raise and clothe, at his own expence, a regiment of volunteers, consisting of ten companies, for the protection and defence of the town of Liverpool, and its neighborhood, Tuesday and Wednesday last were appointed for enrollment. Nothing could be more gratifying to the inhabitants than the zeal and loyalty displayed on the occasion. The meeting was in the Exchange. The Mayor and many of the Merchants, attended to give it their sanction and support. Mr. Bolton, in a short address, explained the motives which, at this critical period induced him, thus particularly, to give support to government, and to contribute to the defence of the country; and, in two hours, the whole number of the ten companies was more than complete.”



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,  
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

**Married,**

On Tuesday evening, last week, Mr. William Galatian, to Miss Nelly Shepherd.

On Sunday evening, Mr. Isaac Carow, of this city, merchant, to Miss Eliza Moraw.

On Monday evening, Abraham Ogden, esq. of this city, to Miss Mary Barnewall, daughter of George Barnewall, esq.

On Saturday evening, last, Mr. Henry W. Kingsland, esq. of New Barbadoes Neck, (N. J.) to Mrs. Sarah Place, of this city.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Arthur S. Stansbury, to Miss Susan Brown, both of this city.



**Died,**

At Florence, (in Italy) on May 27th. Louis I. King of Etruria—to which he was elevated by Bonaparte, in 1801.

At Falmouth, (Jam.) on the 6th ult. Captain William Scott, of the brig Twins, of this port.

On Thursday, last week, at the Light House, Sandy Hook, Mr. Jeremiah Smith, of Hartford, Connecticut.

On Friday, last week, at Baltimore, Mona. James Leveillain, Consul from the French Republic to the State of Maryland.

On Saturday, last, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Ann Belden, wife of Mr. Ebenezer Belden, printer of the Commercial Advertiser.

At Boston, on Saturday evening, Mrs. Ann Baker, the Governess of the Boston Female Asylum, aged 56.

Same evening, of an apoplectic fit, Mr. James Saidler, esq. an old and respectable merchant of this city.

Same evening, Mr. Eli Chandler, of the house of Smith, Shay, and Chandler, auctioneers, of this city.

On Monday afternoon, Oliver Hull, after a lingering illness, aged 72.

At Wilmington, (N. C.) on Monday, Mr. William Harp, of that town, aged 102.

On Monday evening, after a short illness, Seth Smith, esq. of Norton, (Mass.)

At Newark, on Monday, Mr. Lewis Ogden, after a very short illness.

On Wednesday morning, Peter McLarren, of this city, son of Daniel McLarren.

**FANCY CHAIRS,**

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

**WHAITES & CHARTERS,**

**PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,**

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church. Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

**UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.**

No. 246 WATER STREET.

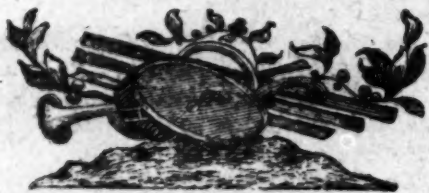
THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the present lottery for the relief of Widows with small children—And knowing that a name, though empty in itself, oft times stamps the face of things with a current value, (witness the numerous fortunate lottery offices in this city, ornamented and neatly gilt, calculated to attract the eye of the anxious adventurer) the subscriber, to vary the scene, has presumed to adopt the above title—Where is the harm?

“A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet.” He with truth acknowledges, that in former lotteries he sold a great number of tickets that proved unfortunate, but the public may rest assured that the fault was not his: But as all mundane things are continually changing, why may he not flatter himself, that in the present lottery (founded for the most benevolent purpose) he may have the honor of bestowing some Fortune's most favorite numbers; then he may with equal propriety alter his present title, and not deviate from truth.—Therefore, under the present head, he offers his fortunate numbers for sale; and sincerely hopes his most sanguine wishes may be realized.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

N. B. Tickets now selling for 6½ dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise to seven dollars.

## THE VISITOR.



## SONG.

WHEN o'er the lawn,  
At early dawn,  
Your lusty lovers stray;  
And sparkling dew,  
And hare-bells blue,  
And lilies, deck the way:  
If near him blows  
The blushing rose;  
Or near the violet spring;  
If from the vale  
Sweet scents exhale,  
And float on zephyr's wing.  
Then if your lovers, maids, be true,  
They then will fondly think on you.

But labor done,  
The dance begun,  
When melting day is o'er;  
And merry strains  
Along the plains,  
The piping peasants pour:  
Then winning smiles,  
Then wanton wiles,  
Coquetting damsels try;  
Be sure be there,  
Be sure take care,  
Your charms their arts outvie:  
Let all your beauties bloom anew,  
If you would keep your lovers true.

## EPIGRAM.

## THE PRETTY VIXEN.

WHEN foam'd the dashing waves, and winds  
were high,  
Like VENUS, sure, from OCEAN'S arms your  
sprung;  
For I can bear the lightning of your eye,  
But who can bear the thunder of your tongue?

## BOILED DUCKS.

## A JEU D'ESPRIT.

BY AMBROSE PITMAN, ESQ.

LIDDY, an antiquated maid,  
Of hyp and vapor sore afraid;  
For Liddy had read *Buchan* through,  
*Thraustil*, and old *John Wesley* too;

And now and then had dipp'd so far  
In coughs, consumptions, and catarrh,  
That as she read, she did surmise  
Symptoms in herself arise  
Exactly similar to those  
Which bring variety of woes,  
And send frail mortals to that bourn  
From whence no travellers return.

As oft these whims attack'd her head,  
As often Liddy kept her bed,  
And sent express for some physician  
To come and help her sad condition.

Once *Melo* came from Warwick college,  
A man of probity and knowledge;  
With look demure, he gravely ey'd  
Poor Liddy's tongue; her pulse he try'd,  
And found its beats, one minute counted,  
Exact to ninety-six amounted.  
"Madam," quoth he, "I'll give you ease;  
Once more your tongue, pray, if you please;  
Your *BILE DUCTS*—it is very plain—  
Are lock'd up close, and cause your pain;  
But patience, Madam, I am sure  
A day or two will work your cure."

"My *BOIL'D DUCKS*, Doctor! sure the slut,  
My Cook, can't keep the pantry shut!  
My *BOIL'D DUCKS* LOCK'D! it cannot be;  
Run, Betty, run, and get the key;  
Make haste, dear Betty, quick—dispatch—  
Instant unlock the pantry hatch."

## FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

## ENIGMA.

THO' my parent I own could 'nt boast of nauch  
and  
And of course small the portion that he could dispense;  
Yet it must be confess'd I'm of infinite use,  
Tho' I'm often employ'd in the vilest abuse.  
I traduce all mankind, yet I speak in their praise,  
And their good and ill actions abroad do I blaze.  
I am favor'd of all, tho' by all I'm abus'd,  
And I'm stripp'd, cut and mangled, and cruelly us'd.  
The parson, the doctor, and merchant employ me,  
Tho' all in the end only help to destroy me.  
If my master's insulted, I stand by his side,  
And spill my last blood in defence of his pride.  
I've convers'd in all tongues, even Hebrew and Greek,  
And not one amongst 'em but what I can speak.  
In French, Spanish, Italian, I'm quite an adept,  
And even High Dutch from oblivion kept.  
My work when completed, in general, travels,  
And many's the dangerous plot it unravels.  
But when age overtakes me, I'm kick'd out o' door,  
Like a worn out old servant quite friendless and poor.

C. D.

A solution is requested.

No man can be happy who has not self-estimation.  
We never complain in others, but of such faults as  
we consider ourselves exempt.  
Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

## MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE.

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe,  
elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the addi-  
tional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert  
and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums,  
Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment  
of Music for different instruments by the most favorite  
composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz:—  
A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our  
Sachem, long may he live."  
*Sadi the Moor*.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new  
Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most  
fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and  
Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks,  
Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-crosses, Bread-  
baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on  
the lowest terms.

## N. SMITH,



Chemical Perfumer, from Lon-  
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder  
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,  
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,  
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-  
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening  
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is  
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with  
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or  
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair  
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.  
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-  
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with  
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness  
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all  
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and  
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the  
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had  
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the  
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far  
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and  
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold  
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable-Rouge, for giving a natural  
color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or  
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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